



ESTABLISHED 1877—NEW SERIES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1890.

IX—NO. 41—WHOLE NO. 457.

TRACY TREMMEL.

The Experiences of the Blue Jay Mess.

JOB IN JEOPARDY.

"We Enlisted to Kill Rebels—
Not to Drill."

WARDELL DROPS A PEG.

Tale of the Trousers, or the
Fate of a Swell."BY JOHN M'ELROY.
Author of "Andersonville: a Story of Southern
Prisons"; "A File of Infantrymen"; "The Red
Accord"; "Reminiscences of an Army Mule,"
etc.

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LETTER VII.

LIGHTENING THE BONDS OF DISCIPLINE.

THE NEW COLONEL BEGINS THE WORK OF
CONVERTING THE RAW MATERIAL INTO
SOLDIERS—EVERYBODY BROUGHT UP WITH
A ROUND TURN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 17, 1861.

EAREST MOTHER:

If I thought yesterday was a lively day,

what shall I say of today? It has been

a whirl since the drums and fife routed

us out before 6 this morning until

now, after supper, when I am hastily

scrambling you these few lines before I be-

take my tired self to my blanket and pile

of straw, where the rest of the boys are

already stretched, and some of them snoring.

The new Colonel has taken hold, and such

a hold! In full uniform, with coat buttoned

to the chin, hands in white gloves, well-

black boots, and wearing a sword and

sash, he started us by putting in an appear-

ance with the Adjutant, similarly uniformed,

as we were getting deliberately into line for

the early morning roll-call. At once he

began storming at Lieut. Ezra Grinstead, who

had been restored to command of the com-

pany, after a short lecture on the delin-

quency of absenting himself from it under

any pretext.

"What do you mean, sir, by coming out

before your men with your coat unbuttoned

and no sword on? Why do you allow your

men to straggle into line, and only half-

dressed? Make every man of them be in

line, fully dressed, before the drums quit

beating. Get into line there men, at once;

get into line, there! Step out lively! Blue

blazes! half of them are barefoot, and the

other half without their caps! This is

simply intolerable! If anything like it

occurs again, I shall punish the whole com-

pany severely. Here, you sir, to Job Cart-

wright, who was coming out of the shed

very deliberately, and fastening his clothes

(as he came), stir your stumps, sir, or I'll find

a way to move you, and that lively."

"Keep cool; don't get into a pucker-

match!" answered Job, smiling, and without

increasing his pace a particle; "I'm coming

as fast as I can."

A bad look flashed into the Colonel's eyes,

but he merely said, very coldly, "Put that

man under arrest, and send him to my

quarters after breakfast. I'll teach him a

lesson."

Giving a few sharp words to Burt Conners

about his method of calling the roll, and

with a look of defiance, he strode off.

The Adjutant, who was standing by, said

to me, "That's true. But we'll have to get arms

somewhere. I'll never do to go to head-

quarters without them."

Finally Burt succeeded in borrowing a

Sergeant's sword and a couple of old mus-

kets from another regiment.

"Tremmel," he said, as he buckled on the

sword, "you and Green pick up those guns

and come along as guards."

Lan paced and shivered. "Might we have

to act as poor Job's executioners?" was the

thought that flashed through both our minds.

"We can't shoot him with these guns any

way," I whispered to Lan. "See, neither of

them has a hammer."

Lan looked as much relieved as I felt.

Lan and I placed ourselves on either side

of Job, Burt marched in front, while Herman,

Quin, Cad and Web, with a large squad of

other sympathizers, brought up the rear. It

was as mournful a looking crowd as you

ever saw at a country funeral.

As we halted in front of the Colonel's

quarters, squads appearing as doleful as ours

came up from the other companies, bringing

similar offenders. We all stood around in

solemn silence, and for the first time since I

have known him nothing comical seemed to

occur to Quin Bohannon to say or do. In

fact, he looked, if anything, more miserable

than the rest of us.

The Adjutant came out, very grave, stiff

and military.

"Whom have you here, Sergeant?" he

asked Burt.

"A man that the Colonel ordered brought

to headquarters," answered Burt, saluting.

"Ah, yes, I remember—for punishment."

Very well. Give his name to the Sergeant."

Major there, turn him over to that guard,

and take the rest of your men back to their

quarters."

We noticed now for the first time a squad

of nicely-uniformed, well-drilled men, with

bright, shining muskets, and bayonets fixed,

who had marched up near us. A pang shot

through my heart. Those are Regulars.

That's the firing-squad I have read so much

about, I thought. The next moment Burt

had faced us about and was marching us

back. We did not go any farther than the

edge of the parade-ground, but halted there

and turned around to watch what was

coming.

Presently we saw the Colonel come out

of his quarters in full uniform, with his

sword on. He began talking to Job and the

rest very earnestly, but we could not catch

a word that he said.

"He's sentencing them," I said to Lan.

"Isn't this awful?" Presently he pointed

to a pile of pikes and shovels and gave an

order. Job and the others went over and

each picked up one of the tools.

"Good heavens," I said, "he's going to

make them dig their own graves. Can't

anything be done? Can't we rush up there

and take Job away from them?"

"I wouldn't have any show without arms

off any kind against those Regulars with mus-

kets," said Herman.

"Be jabbers, let's get clubs. Oi can handle

ashilleah better'n them thin devil can their

guns," exclaimed Quin, picking up a broken

singlestick that lay near.

"Can't we all go up to the Colonel and

beg for Job's life?" I asked, excitedly. "Let's

offer to do anything, to submit to anything,

if he will only pardon Job. I am sure that

he will never offend again. Goodness! let's

do something. I can't stand here idle!"

Job and the others were taken by the

guard to a little knoll, into which they began

to dig.

"Why in the name of all that's manly," I

groaned, "don't Job show some spirit and

try to get away? I'd a great deal rather be

shot trying to get away than mockly being

as he came up, and said:

Just then Ezra Grinstead came up and said

to Burt:

"Sergeant, fall the company in at once for

drill."

How the words jarred on me! Drill! The

idea of drilling when Job was about to die!

"O, Lieutenant," I begged, "can't we put

off the drill a little while? We want to see

what's going to happen to Job Cartwright."

"Happen to Job!" he repeated in amaze-

ment; and then seeing our anxious faces, he

burst into a laugh. "Nothing's going to

happen to him, unless it be blundered hands

and a tired back. The Colonel's ordered him

and the others to dig down that knoll, so as

to level the parade-ground, as a punishment

for insubordination this morning."

Can you imagine a more disgusted and

disappointed lot of fellows than we were?

At first we snapt spitefully at one another

for being such infernal fools, and then the

absurdity of the thing appeared, and we

began making fun and mimicking each

other's actions and words. As I had said and

done more than anybody else, most of the

clap was directed against me, and I felt

thoroughly ashamed.

Such a time as we had drilling!

Ezra Grinstead is one of the nicest fellows

in the world, and we liked him from the

first—he is so gentle and polite. But he

hardly knows the A B C's of drill, and he

confessed frankly that he was trying to teach

us what he did not know himself.

Burt knows something more, but there is

this difference between the two: Burt as-

sumes to know much more than he really

does, while Ezra knows more than he seems

to know.

OUR LEVEE SYSTEM.



Shall selfish John Bull and his hired men be allowed to break it down, and deluge our prosperous land with the pauperism of the World?

ing obedience, as I have read is the habit of

pirate Captains and banditti chiefs.

Lan, Herman and Quin were impressed

just as I was, but Job carried himself with

his usual bravado, and seemed only a little

depressed by the prospect.

"Let him do his blindest," said he dog-

gedly. "I can stand it, I guess. He can't

more'n kill me, anyhow, and I made up my

mind to stand a good deal of killing when I

enlisted."

"We'll all go up wid ye," said Quin im-

pulsively, "an' we'll stand by ye till the

ind. If that tyrant attempts anything

too bad we'll—"

"O'll not be careful! Oi can't die but

once, and Oi can't die better than standing

up for the rights av man. Oi say if that

ould despot goes too far, Oi, for wan, am ready

to nutty."

Lan turned as white as a sheet, and I

confess I felt uncomfortable.

"Mutiny's an awful ugly word," said

Herman Dinkelspiel, arresting his tincup of

coffee on its way to his mouth, and speak-

ing with great deliberation; "I wouldn't

talk it out loud where folks can hear you,

Quin. I vill lo up mit Job und etas mit

him, undt do ass de rest of you doas. Dat

ies all."

"No, boys," said Job, with heroic resig-

nation; "I'll not allow any of you to be mixed

up in my trouble. I thank you very much

for your friendship, which is more than I

can expect, especially from those who know

me no better than me do; but I can't allow

you to suffer for me. It's all my own fault,

and I must take the consequences. You'll

see that I'll take whatever comes with a

stiff upper-lip."

"Sergeant Conners," said Ezra Grinstead,

who appeared about this time, and addressed

himself to Burt, "put on your side-arms

and take two armed guards and conduct

Cartwright to headquarters."

"But, Lieutenant, I haven't any sword,

and there are no guns for the guard. You

know we haven't drawn any arms at all,

yet."

"That's true. But we'll have to get arms

somewhere. I'll never do to go to head-

quarters without them."

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Sergeant's sword and a couple of old mus-

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